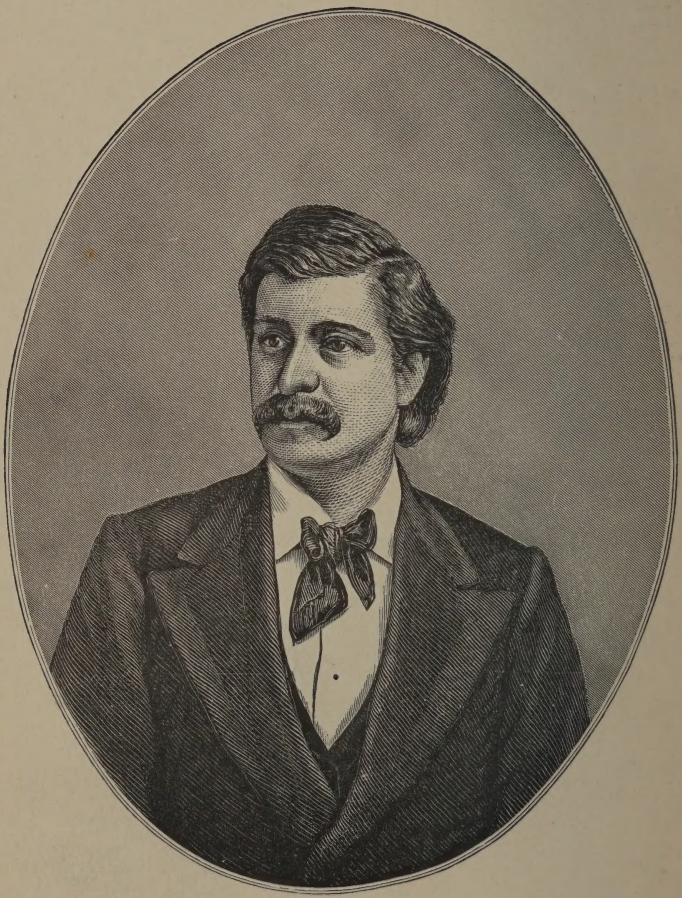
THE APPLETON TEMPORARY HOME

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Yours. Respectfully
D. Banks McKenzie

"HITHERTO THE LORD HATH HELPED US."

THE

APPLETON TEMPORARY HOME.

A RECORD OF WORK.

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PREFACE.

"ACCORDING TO YOUR FAITH, BE IT UNTO YOU." — Matt. ix. 29.

THE work of which the following pages present an imperfect record, was undertaken and is carried on as a work of faith, and with a firm reliance on the faithfulness of Him who said, "Ask and ye shall receive." Starting without the pledge of a single dollar, so far as running expenses were concerned, the money has come in as fast as it has been needed, in direct answer to prayer, offered in that spirit of consecration which says, "Lord, what wilt thou have us do?" and then does the work He points out, trusting Him fully for the means to carry it on.

This little volume is not intended, therefore, to be a report, nor an appeal to the public for

aid merely, but an acknowledgment of our Lord's faithfulness as a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God; and it is in the hope that it may encourage God's dear children to trust Him more fully, and do with their might whatever He gives them to do, that this publication has been undertaken. May His blessing, therefore, follow it, wherever it may go; and if, through its instrumentality, any are quickened in the faith, and led to a life of more complete, self-sacrificing activity in His service, to His name be all the praise!

"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

PSALM CXV. 1.

CONTENTS.

Opening of the Home. 9

The Institution and its Arrangement. 11

The Daily Routine. — Religious Services. 13

The Home open to All. 16

The Board of Directors. 17

The Opening of the Home. 19

The Business Management of the Home. 20

Prayer-Meetings. 21

The First Day at the Home. 21

More about the Evening Meetings. 23

"I was a Stranger and ye took me in." 24

Learned to say "No." 26

The Power of Kindness. 28

Saved from the Police Station. 29

What might have become of me? 30

"I want to get away from Rum." 31

Friendless in a Strange Country. 33

A Grateful Mother. 35
The Friend he needed. 36
God led him to the Home. 37
Strength according to his Need. 38
More than Shelter and Care. 40
Determined to follow Christ. 41
Angels Unawares. 42
Befriending the Soldier. 43
A Narrow Escape. 45
Saved from Self-Murder. 47
Out of the Lowest Depths. 50
He wanted a Place to die. 53
Firm in the Temperance Cause. 55
"Rum is all gone from me." 56
Caring for the Sick. 57
Restored to his Family. 58
Charity for the Prisoner. 59
The Story of a Criminal. 63
The Engineer's Story. 66
The only Rock for the Drunkard. 68
Are all of them saved? 72
A Glance at the Work done. 84
The Necessity of Larger Accommodations. 85
The New Home. 87
Our Little Minnie. 89
A Waif from Deer Island. 90

The Attendants about the Home. — Our Cook. . . 93
The Record of One Day. 95
How the Work is done. 99
The Superintendent of the Home. 100
Conclusion. 106

APPENDIX.

Statistics showing the Number of Inmates from April 9, 1873, to the Present Time, with their Birthplace, Occupation, &c. 115

THE

APPLETON TEMPORARY HOME.

Opening of the Home.

Early in the autumn of 1872, a number of gentlemen connected with the Boston Young Men's Christian Association first agitated the question of the necessity of a Temporary Home, where worthy men, out of employment, might find food and shelter until situations could be procured for them, and where, especially, such as had been reduced in circumstances by indulgence in intoxicating drinks, and had signed the pledge at the public meetings of the Christian Association Temperance Society, could be given opportunity to test their resolution, and commence a new life. A subscription was started, and a number of promises of substantial help made, but nothing definite was done until the

early part of the present year, when Mr. D. Banks McKenzie, himself a reformed man, rescued by the grace of God from the slough of intemperance, felt called upon to give up the business in which he was engaged, and devote himself to the reformation of those who were suffering, as he had suffered, in the thraldom of appetite. He commenced his work with such personal means as he had, aided by voluntary contributions, and soon had the pleasure of seeing that the Lord smiled upon his endeavors, and that a number of men were restored to their friends and families, who had been brought so low by their indulgence in drink, that they had been for a long time outcasts from society, a burden to themselves, and a disgrace to their friends. Such a work, however important it might be, could only be carried on under great disadvantages, for the want of a place where such men could be boarded for a while and placed under the right kind of influences. The necessity of a Temporary Home became more and more manifest, from the nature of the case; and after prayerful consideration and anxious inquiry as to the Lord's will, Mr. McKenzie was led to propose to the Board of Directors,

that if they would assume the responsibility of the lease and furniture of a suitable building, he would assume the running expenses of an institution, the object of which should be to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless, procure employment, befriend and reform the drunkard, and give a cup of cold water to all.

The proposition met the approval of the gentlemen composing the Board of Directors, and efforts were put forth at once, as the result of which a number of gentlemen became responsible for the rent of such a building as might be secured, while several of the churches joined in offering to furnish the funds for the purchase of the necessary furniture. In the mean time the vacant house at No. 559 Washington Street had been rented, and by the 9th of April it was furnished and ready for occupancy.

The Institution and its Arrangement.

The house occupied as the Temporary Home is not large, containing only nine rooms, but it is exceedingly convenient for the purpose. The

ground floor of the building is rented as a store, and on the floor above, fronting on Washington Street, is the reading and reception room of the institution. It is well lighted and cheerfully furnished with a bright carpet, comfortable chairs, a large table, and book-shelves well loaded with an excellent variety of books and miscellaneous reading matter, for which the inmates of the Home are under obligations to thoughtful friends. The walls of the reception-room are pleasantly decorated with suggestive pictures and with appropriate mottoes, such as "God bless our Home!" "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling," "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," &c. The next room on the same floor is used as an office, and also as a bed-room and sitting-room for the superintendent and his wife. The dining-room is on the same floor, at the head of the stairs leading to the street, and admits a table large enough to accommodate fifteen persons. In rear of it is the kitchen, with conveniences for cooking, dish-washing, &c. On the third and fourth floors of the house are the dormitories. No. 1, a large room on the rear of the third floor, contains five iron cot bedsteads, well furnished with comfort-

able bedding. No. 2, a smaller room fronting on Washington Street, contains four cots; and No. 3, the remaining room on the third floor, is used as the Assistant Superintendent's room, and contains also an extra cot, to be used when necessity requires. Two rooms in the upper story contain nine more cots, the entire number in the Home furnishing sleeping accommodations for eighteen men. This number has often proved inadequate, and in this case mattresses have been placed on the floors, and shelter furnished to twenty-one or two, and on one or two occasions, to as many as twenty-five men.

The Daily Routine. — Religious Services.

The meals in the Home are served at regular hours. At half past five o'clock in the morning the signal for rising is given, and by six o'clock all the men who are able assemble at the breakfast table. Breakfast consists of bread, butter, and coffee in plentiful supply. After breakfast all adjourn to the reading-room, where a chapter is read from the Bible, each man being provided

with a Bible, and all reading in concert alternately with the Superintendent, or Assistant Superintendent, who conducts the devotions. The chapter read is next duly commented upon, and then follows an appropriate prayer, the entire exercise occupying not more than half an hour. By that time it is about seven o'clock, and such of the men as have work in the city then leave for their daily task, while the rest pass the morning with the newspapers of the day, with such reading as has been provided for them, and in quest of employment. The dinner hour is twelve o'clock, when all sit down to a bountifully-spread table, where, on different days, they are served with beef stew, roast beef and potatoes, pork and beans, fish chowder or baked fish, and all the bread and butter or crackers they wish. The supper hour is at six o'clock, when tea and bread and butter are served, the Divine blessing being first asked, as at the other meals, by the Superintendent, or his Assistant.

The evenings are spent by the inmates mostly in the Home, although many attend such prayer or temperance meetings as are held in the neighborhood. When there are meetings in the Home,

the presence of every inmate is required. Such meetings are held regularly on Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, under the direction of Mr. McKenzie or his Assistant. No feature connected with the Home has been more interesting to the inmates, or more attractive to the outside friends of the institution, than these evening meetings. At nearly every one of them the reception-room has been crowded. On Sundays the hour for rising is half past six, with breakfast at seven, followed, as on other days, by family prayers, after which, at the proper hour, all the inmates who are able to leave the Home attend morning service at some church in the neighborhood, with the Superintendent or his Assistant. Dinner follows the public worship, the inmates being left free, in the afternoon, to attend what church they please; all, however, being expected to worship somewhere. Supper, on Sunday, is at five o'clock, and from nine to ten the public prayer meeting above mentioned is held in the reception-room, the attendance on this evening especially being almost invariably greater than the room can well accommodate.

The Home Open to All.

Of course many meals are given to men who are not inmates of the Home, and on an average, as many as thirty different men are supplied in this way every day. The same is true as to the distribution of second-hand clothing, of which there is constant need at the Home, as many men who are not inmates apply for situations, and need to exchange their rags for more decent attire before they are in shape to present themselves to persons of whom they seek employment.

There are no inflexible rules, no lengthy routine, and no red tape to exclude any man needing and deserving help from admission to the Home. A pull at the door bell is answered at once, the applicant is immediately introduced to Mr. McKenzie, or in his absence to his assistant, and if upon investigation he is found worthy and really in want, he is never sent empty away. Once admitted, the applicant, if under the influence of liquor, is given a dose of medicine, and, if the case requires, led to the bath-house — a

small board structure over the dining-room — where the filth is removed from his body and clean clothing given him in exchange for his rags. He is then shown to the reading-room, or to a cot in one of the sleeping-rooms, where he is left to sleep off his drunkenness. When he is sober, he is earnestly conversed with and induced to sign the pledge, a Testament being given him in which the pledge is inserted with his own name and that of the Superintendent or his Assistant as a witness. He is then expected to remain in the Home until such a time as it is judged safe for him to go out and face the temptations that must meet him at every step. In due time a situation is provided for him, and when he leaves the Home, he is expected to report himself at the regular weekly meetings and at all such times as he may please to call.

The Board of Directors.

Although the Temporary Home was organized under the auspices of the Temperance Society of the Boston Young Men's Christian Associa-

tion, that organization felt unable to assume the increased pecuniary obligations such a connection might involve. The Board of Managers, therefore, at their regular meeting on the 16th of June last, accordingly adopted the following resolution: —

"*Resolved*, That while this Board thoroughly sympathizes with the work of the Temporary Home, under the management of the Temperance Society, they are unable to assume the pecuniary responsibilities of the Home."

The Board of Directors of the Temperance Society, under whose management the Home had been maintained thus far, called a meeting therefore at once, at which a new organization was formed to continue the work so auspiciously inaugurated. Substantially the same Board of officers was re-chosen, and the institution which had heretofore been known as the "Boston Young Men's Christian Association Temporary Home" was designated anew as the "Appleton Temporary Home," under which name it is now known.

The Opening of the Home.

As before stated, the work of the Home is a work of faith. From the day of its opening, when Mr. McKenzie undertook the burden of providing for its running expenses, it has had no income save such as it has derived from the voluntary contributions of those who have felt interested in its work. No solicitors are employed, and the only way in which the work of the Home has been presented to the public has been through the monthly reports of the Superintendent, and the public addresses he has delivered whenever he has had an opportunity on the Sabbath, or at other times, in such churches or communities as have invited him to do so. It is a remarkable fact, that these invitations have always come in answer to prayer, and the contributions thus obtained have been just what was needed at the time. So true is it that the Lord is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, who always cares for his children when they try to do His will, and to walk in His ways.

The Business Management of the Home.

There are no salaried officers connected with the Temporary Home. The Superintendent, his wife, and the Assistant Superintendent freely give their services, receiving no compensation, save their board and clothes. A careful and correct account is kept of all moneys received, and of every penny expended. This account is audited every week by a member of the Board of Directors appointed for the purpose. A full record is also kept of second-hand clothing received, from whom received, and to whom issued. The registry of men entering the Home includes full particulars as to name, age, birthplace, occupation, dates when received and discharged, and, under the head of "General Remarks," anything of interest connected with the inmate. In the employment book is a record of every situation procured, with any information that can be obtained as to the conduct of the employee, the satisfaction given his employer, etc.

Prayer-Meetings.

These are held, as before stated, on Thursday and Saturday evenings from quarter before eight o'clock to nine, and on Sundays from nine to ten o'clock. They are open to the public, and, as already mentioned, the large reading-room is usually filled, especially on Sunday evenings. The exercises consist of singing, prayer, reading of the Scriptures, and exhortations, in which all take part. A careful record is kept of every meeting, the attendance, interest, number rising for prayers, etc. The presence of those who have been benefited by the Home, and now filling situations procured for them while there, has added much to the interest of these meetings.

The First Day at the Home.

It has been mentioned that the Home was opened on Wednesday, the 9th of April, and much prayerful anxiety was felt by the Superintendent to have the next Sunday a day ever to

be held in remembrance in the history of the institution. A special prayer of consecration was offered at the family altar in the morning, and at the hour for public worship all the inmates, accompanied by the Superintendent, attended service at Rev. Dr. Edmunds' church, corner of Kneeland and Tyler Streets, where Rev. Mr. Dixon, of New Hampshire, was holding a series of revival meetings. The men seemed much interested, and at the close of the services, Rev. Messrs. Edmunds and Dixon accompanied the Superintendent to the Home, where a meeting of much power was held, the Holy Spirit seeming to descend upon all present, and a number rising for prayers. Twenty-six persons were present, nineteen of them being inmates of the Home. In the evening, at nine o'clock, another meeting was held, and twelve of the inmates rose for prayers. Four of them were very hopeful, and afterwards gave evidence of sincere conversion.

More about the Evening Meetings.

The following are extracts from a journal kept at the Home, and they will indicate more clearly than can be done otherwise the nature and success of the religious efforts made in behalf of the inmates of the institution: —

"*Saturday*, *April* 19. We commenced our regular Saturday evening meetings. There were forty-one persons present, including those in the Home. Several of the inmates spoke, and one especially expressed much concern for his soul, and prayed earnestly for forgiveness. Two who had signed the pledge acknowledged breaking it, and desired to take it again, asking God to help them keep it.

"*Sunday*, *April* 20. Forty-eight persons were present, and a number of inmates rose for prayers, one of whom professed to have found peace.

"*Sunday*, *May* 4. A grand meeting. Seventy-five persons present; excellent singing and speaking. All the inmates rose for prayers.

"*Sunday*, *June* 15. Both the reading-room and Mr. McKenzie's room were crowded. Several of the men spoke, and one found Christ precious to his soul.

"*Saturday*, *July* 19. Good attendance. One of the best meetings we ever had. Much interest manifested by the men.

"*Sunday*, *July* 27. Very large attendance, many going away for want of room. Excellent remarks from some former inmates.

"*Sunday*, *August* 10. The presence of the Divine Spirit was felt in the meeting, and in answer to the invitation to those who wished for help from God to break the chains of sin and appetite, all the men rose at once, and much feeling was manifested by a number of them."

"I WAS A STRANGER AND YE TOOK ME IN."

The first Sunday in the Home, the Superintendent observed a young man at the corner of Washington and Eliot Streets, who was evidently a stranger in the city, and, standing carpet-sack in hand, was apparently undecided which way to turn. A few kind words sufficed for an introduction, and in the course of conversation the man disclosed the fact that he had landed that morning from the English steamer, and was truly a stranger in a strange land, friendless and

alone. The Superintendent invited the stranger at once to the Home, where he was made welcome, and remained two or three days, until he could secure passage to his destination in Canada. The Englishman who thus found friends at the Home proved to be a Christian, who had been a Sabbath school teacher in his own country. The following extracts from a letter received from him after his arrival in Canada will show how thoroughly he appreciated the kindness shown him.

"MONTREAL, August 5, 1873.

". . . I hope you will excuse me for not writing you before. I cannot find words to express my sincere and heartfelt thankfulness to you for the great kindness you showed me. May God's blessing rest upon every good thing you do. Kindly give my best regards to all the friends I met at the Home, and, sincerely trusting you and all your family are quite well, and wishing you every success in your work,

"I remain, yours, etc.

_____."

Learned to say "No."

Among the first men helped by the Home was a young machinist who had been so given up to intemperance that his wife had left him, and when Mr. McKenzie first came across him he was on the verge of delirium tremens. So bad was his case that he had at first to be sent to the City Hospital. When recovered, he became an inmate of the Home, and in due time a situation was procured for him to work at his trade. He did quite well for a number of weeks; but suddenly he ceased attending the meetings at the Home, and the next heard of him he had left the city on a drunken spree. He was still remembered in the prayers of those who had befriended him at the Home, and in a few days the following letter was received from him: —

"———, N. H., June 1, 1873.

"I suppose you have wondered somewhat, within the past few days, what has become of me; and it would be very natural for you to imagine that perhaps I had been arrested for drunkenness, or that, under the influence of liquor, I had com-

mitted crime. Such, however, is not the case; and I am now satisfied that leaving Boston as I did, as soon as I broke the pledge, was the best step I could have taken, as it saved me in part a public exposure, and, perhaps, saved you and the noble cause you advocate some unpleasantness in the way of talk made by people who frown upon the idea of trying to help the unfortunate. I am at work on the —— Railroad, shovelling gravel at two dollars a day, and shall stop here until I am fixed again, when I hope to come back and try it again at my trade. I tell you it is rather severe punishment to buckle to over a shovel these hot days; but it is good enough for me, any way. It is better than I deserve, and I am trying to make the best of it. I have a good foreman, and the men are better than I expected. . . . May God bless you for what you have done for me, and may the good seed which has been sown in my heart not entirely die out, but spring up again and bear fruit. I desire your earnest prayers in my behalf.

"From your unworthy friend,

———."

From another letter, written by the same man, we make the following extract: —

"——, N. H., June 29, 1873.

"I received your letter, and am very glad to know that you had not given me up entirely. I

have been, since last I wrote you, promoted from the shovel to hand drilling in the quarry. I find it somewhat easier than shovelling, as I am generally in a shady place. Since I have been here I have been enabled to do my part like a man, and I assure you I feel grateful for it. You may, perhaps, suppose I am away from temptation; but it is not so. I have to pass two places where intoxicating liquors are sold, and I am often asked to indulge in a social drink; but so far I have been able to say, No. May the Lord bless you and your work, and reward you for your kindness to me."

The Power of Kindness.

The 16th of April a man came to the Home after a terrible spree. His name was taken, and he was kindly and tenderly treated. For a few days he kept remarkably quiet, saying but little; but at the close of one of the meetings, he broke down entirely. "You have been so kind to me," he said to the Superintendent, "that I cannot go on this way any longer. I gave you a false name when I first came in, and I have deceived you all along. I belong in East Boston, where I have a

wife and children, and I am a painter by trade. For the last few months, however, I have done nothing, and cared for nothing but drink. But since I came here, you have been so kind to me that it shows me what a monster I have been. I want to reform, and care for my family once more. It is your kindness that has done it. Pray for me that I may succeed."

Saved from the Police Station.

B—— is a young Englishman, hardly twenty-one years of age, who came to this country a few years ago with his parents, and settled with them in Illinois, where he obtained work at his trade as a watch-maker, in a large factory. The chills and fever induced by the climate soon reduced his constitution, however, to such a point that he was advised by a physician to come east, as his only chance of recovery. In the hope of securing a situation with the American Watch Company at Waltham, he came to this city, but was disappointed in his expectations of obtaining work, and soon found himself enfeebled in body

and mind, and friendless, with no prospect before him save to try to gain admission to some hospital where he might get the treatment he needed. This, however, he found a very difficult matter, and after a few days there seemed to be no place where he, sick and penniless as he was, could obtain shelter, except at the Station House. In this situation, some kind friend brought him to the Home, where, under proper medical care, his health was restored, and in due time employment was procured for him; and he is to-day busily at work, and doing well.

What might have become of me?

Some time in April a young man, quite well dressed, applied at the Home for temporary relief. He came originally from Portland, Me., and had been clerk in a large wholesale grocery establishment; but, like many others, drink overcame him; he lost his situation, and soon found himself penniless in the city. He was admitted to the Home, and after a while a situation was procured for him in a grocery store in Cambridge.

He left this situation after a time, and nothing was heard from him until a letter was received, from which we make the following extract: —

"———, Me., July 8, 1873.

"You may think I have entirely forgotten you; but such is not the case, for I shall never forget how you helped me in my hour of need, and, by the grace of God, how you made a man of me again. I left Cambridge about five weeks ago to come to this city, where I had heard of a situation better than the one I was then filling. I was fortunate enough to secure it, and am now second clerk in the —— Hotel in this city. I like my place very much, and when I think what might have become of me had I not been received into your institution, I can only say, heartily and fervently, God bless the Home!"

"I WANT TO GET AWAY FROM RUM."

One morning the bell rang, and in answer to the summons the Superintendent found himself face to face with a bloated, disfigured specimen of humanity, who seemed to know only just enough to enable him to say, as he did with

most emphatic earnestness, "I want to get away from rum." He was admitted at once, and during the summer was employed in a hotel at one of our fashionable watering-places. The extracts which follow from letters received from him tell their own story.

"——, July 13, 1873.

" . . . I see by the papers that you all went to Nahant for an excursion, and I know you had a good time. I see also that you have formed a new association, and called the institution the 'Appleton Temporary Home.' 'God bless it!' is my prayer; for what would have been my fate had it not been for the Home? God only knows.

"——, July 23, 1873.

"Your kind and encouraging letter came to hand last night, and found me in bed sick, downhearted, and discouraged; but the cheering words you wrote lifted the load from my heart, and I felt quite happy. So, you see, a kind and encouraging word does a great deal more than many people would believe. You have always had a kind word for me, but I did not always appreciate it. . . . Last Sunday afternoon, at six o'clock, we had an open-air meeting in the park, in front of our hotel. It was largely attended, and when they sang, 'All

hail the power of Jesus' name,' accompanied by the band, it sounded grandly, and carried me back to the good meetings I used to attend at the Home. May God bless the Home and those who give their influence, money, or labor, to carry it on, and may He open the hearts of those who have means, that they may give freely. In regard to intemperance, that is my worst enemy; but, thanks be to God, I do not have any inclination to drink while here. I hope I may always feel so. Extend my best wishes to all those at the Home who know me, and may the Lord Himself reward you for all you have done for me. ———."

Friendless in a Strange Country.

One day an individual called on the Superintendent for aid. He had received a letter from his home in England, and he needed a friend to identify him, that he might get a small draft cashed, which his relatives abroad had mailed him. A worse-looking object than he was, all in rags and filth, has seldom presented itself at the door of the Home. From the letters he had just received, and from conversation with him, Mr. McKenzie learned the young man's history. His

father had once been a wealthy merchant, and had given his son excellent advantages for education; but the father, through some misfortune, failed in business, and the son, in consequence of some misconduct, ran away to this country, where he found himself penniless, ragged, and, unused as he was to manual labor, he was either given the cold shoulder by those to whom he applied for work, or was imposed upon and cheated by those who gave it to him. It seemed as if all manhood had been crushed out of him by the abuse to which he had been subjected. Mr. McKenzie went with him to get his draft cashed, and such was the appearance the poor boy presented, that not unfrequently the persons they met in the street stopped and looked in astonishment at the spectacle of a gentleman walking with such an animate bundle of tatters and rags. The draft cashed, the Superintendent commenced the task of effecting some improvement in the appearance of his protégé. First a new suit of clothes was procured, then a bath, and when the youth finally emerged in presentable shape, such had been the change in his appearance, that it was little wonder that those at the Home who had seen him

before did not recognize him. He has since found Christ precious to his soul, and is now doing well, to the great joy of his parents, who have been only too happy to befriend him as he has needed.

A Grateful Mother.

One of the young men befriended at the Home had for years held no communication with his parents. The kindness shown him seemed after a time to melt his heart, and like the prodigal he sought the forgiveness of his mother, who had never ceased to pray for him. The following letter was received from the grateful mother after the return of the son to his home: —

"———, April 23, 1873.

"We are very glad to welcome home our son after so long an absence. We are grateful to learn that he met with kind friends in your great city. He speaks particularly of the kindness he received from you, and the interest you took in his welfare, for which we offer you our thanks. We feel deeply grateful to you, and hope you will succeed in the great work you have undertaken.

You will be rewarded ; for the Master has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' We are glad to know that he has returned to us a Christian, for that is better than silver and gold, and we feel that our prayers in his behalf have been answered. May God bless you and prosper you is our prayer.

"Very truly and sincerely yours,

_____."

The Friend he needed.

After a long course of dissipation, young B——, who had strayed away from his New England home, found himself in the city, out of money and destitute of friends. The friend he needed he found in the Superintendent of the Home, through whom he was led to follow Jesus and lead a better life. After leaving the Home he expressed his feelings in a letter to Mr. McKenzie, wherein he said, —

"——, April 22, 1873.

"I desire to thank you for your kindness to me the past few weeks, and I assure you that I will never forget you. You know that I can never

speak the feelings of my heart; so you will please excuse receiving this on paper. God bless you, dear brother; and pray for me. I shall think of you often. I will write and let you know how I am doing. I am not making great promises to myself, but I am trying to serve my Saviour. Remember me kindly and often at the throne of grace. You have been a dear friend and a brother to me, and I shall never forget your kindness. God bless you. ———."

God led him to the Home.

A man whose course of dissipation had destroyed his happy home, his wife and child being compelled to leave him, and who had well nigh broken his mother's heart, found refuge in the Home, and his grateful mother writes as follows: —

"———, May 5, 1873.

"Most sincerely do I thank you for your interest in my poor, unfortunate son, and for your kindness in writing me, to strengthen my hopes. God alone knows my sorrows and my griefs; and O, how I thank Him for again reviving my hopefulness! Surely He has led my poor boy to your

Home. May He help the means, and hear and answer the prayers that are offered for him. It seems to me that this, with God's grace, is the only thing that could have saved him from utter ruin. O, how much I thank you! I have no words to express my feelings of gratitude. May God bless you! Will you please have the kindness to write me again, and tell me all about his state of mind? He was once very efficient, and had great abilities; but alas! alas! how drink has reduced and debased him! Please urge him to write me immediately. ———."

Strength according to his Need.

Late in April a young man came to the Home in a state of intoxication, and asked shelter. He was evidently a man of education, one who had seen much of the world, and was accustomed to good society. Drink had brought him down lower and lower still, until he found himself at last ragged, sick, and without money. Under proper care at the Home he speedily recovered; and, better than shelter and friends, he also found at the Home "the peace that passeth all understanding," as may be seen from extracts of a let-

ter received soon after he left the institution, to accept a situation in a distant city.

"———, May 2, 1873.

"I feel that I can never sufficiently thank you for your kindness, unless it be, perhaps, by leading an upright, godly life, so fortunately found at your good Home. What I need is a Friend whose arm can keep me from sinking, and whose sympathy can avail to relieve me, upon whom I can place my affections with a confidence He will never betray, and whom I can love with a conviction that my attachment to Him will never be the occasion of self-reproach or sin. Earthly friendships I have tried, and found them wanting. The void in my heart is greater than ever; and whatever may have been my experience in other respects, I am satisfied the world is but a broken reed to lean upon. I feel that Jesus of Nazareth will not disappoint me. Such is the essential loveliness of His nature that in Him all my griefs can be assuaged and all my cravings after happiness satisfied. He offers Himself at once to my confidence as the mighty God and the man of sorrows, the one character allowing Him to enter into my confidence with all the feelings of a fellow-sufferer, while the other renders Him abundantly able to relieve me from or sustain me under my difficulty. I accept Him as my only salvation here or here-

after; and may He give me strength according to my need, is my daily, hourly prayer. May God bless and prosper the Home, and may you grow in strength and grace."

More than Shelter and Care.

One day the Superintendent of the Home, while on his way back from the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, met a man, very much intoxicated, who was about to be carried off by a policeman. Mr. McKenzie succeeded in persuading the officer to transfer the man to his charge, and brought him to the Home. After a night's rest the man was restored to his senses, and it was ascertained that he had a wife and family living in a town in this state. As soon as he was well enough, he was, therefore, sent home, and in a letter received from him a few days later, he thus speaks of the Home and the friends he found there: —

"———, July 12, 1873.

"If I have not written sooner, do not think that I am ungrateful, or can ever forget the kind

treatment I received, or the friends I found in your noble Home. I have waited that I might impart to you tidings which I know will rejoice your heart; for I found at the Home, not only shelter and care, but also, I trust, salvation and peace; and I feel now that 'the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother' is my Friend indeed. . . . Pray for me in your meetings. My heart is still at 559 Washington Street, in your happy Home. God bless you all!"

Determined to follow Christ.

A young man, who represents a large mercantile house in New York, was led by Mr. McKenzie's influence to abandon drinking, and proves his gratitude by requesting the prayers of God's people for the Home, and the work in which it is engaged.

"New York, July 17, 1873.

"I have thought of you many times, and of the advice and counsel you gave me. I am getting on quite nicely in the way to God, and in my resolution to follow Christ, and leave rum for the devil. I was disappointed that I did not meet you at the convention at Poughkeepsie. . . .

I desire your prayers, and most heartily do I desire those of your brethren at your prayer meetings. May God help and keep me in the right way, and from all temptations to do evil, is the prayer of myself and my friends."

Angels Unawares.

Mr. McKenzie found, on one of his visits to the Young Men's Christian Association, an old man who was forlorn in appearance, and for whom no one seemed to care. He was dirty, ragged, and half starved. What clothing he had was out at the elbows and knees, and so far as he could give any intelligible information of himself and his desires, it was to the effect that he was friendless in Boston, out of money, and at a loss to know what to do. His physical powers had nearly given way, and after he was taken to the Home, he required careful treatment for some days before he was in fit condition to be sent to his friends. Pitiable as the man's condition was, it appeared that he had not been reduced in circumstances by drink. He was not only not a drinking man, but had been for years a member of a Christian

church. His son was living comfortably in Nova Scotia, and gladly welcomed him after the officers of the Home had assisted him to reach his destination. The accident of being without money in a strange city had nearly compelled a worthy Christian man, who had friends ready to care for him, to resort to a public almshouse; and he gratefully acknowledged how much he owed to the kind offices of the Temporary Home for befriending him in his distress.

Befriending the Soldier.

The instances of aid furnished by the Home to crippled or disabled soldiers have been quite numerous. The national government has generously provided military asylums for the care of these veterans at Augusta, Maine, at Dayton, Ohio, and at other points. It often happens, however, that men who are entitled, by their disability incurred in the military service, to admission to these institutions, are without means until they are admitted. Such a case was that of W——, found by the Superintendent wandering about the streets. He had

served creditably in the late war, been honorably discharged for disability, was without home or friends, and, being able to obtain work only at uncertain intervals, had taken to drink, and destroyed what little capacity for work his army service had left him. He had taken to drinking paregoric for the opiate it contains, had lost physical power, and was reduced in body and mind as well as in circumstances. Though he was so far demented that when brought to the Home he had no idea for some days where he was, or who was caring for him, he recovered rapidly under medical treatment. It was clear that he was a proper subject for one of the military asylums, and entitled to a home there in virtue of his army record. Transportation was accordingly procured for him from Boston to Augusta; he was admitted to the Asylum, and remains there at present. During the summer he received leave of absence, came to Boston, and called at the Home with the cheerful intelligence that he had not indulged in liquor since he was sent to Augusta, and, better still, that he had become a Christian.

A Narrow Escape.

J. P., a middle-aged man belonging in one of the interior towns of the state, was found, one evening, at one of the railway depots, where he had been attacked by delirium tremens. His condition, when he was brought to the Home by one of the city missionaries, was very critical, and for several days it seemed doubtful whether he would recover. The poor stricken wretch was for days too cast down for an active display of his agony, and when he grew better was, for a long time, weak and haggard from the terrible ordeal through which he had passed. Who he was, or what his antecedents were, he, at first, was reluctant to tell. The shock of the discovery that he had narrowly escaped with his life almost paralyzed him, and when sense returned he saw himself, in imagination, a ruined man. He had been, he said, for more than fourteen years, a member of a Christian church in his town, and a teacher in the Sunday school. He had been for years in the habit of drinking secretly, without the courage to confess his misconduct to his fellow church-members, and

throw himself on their Christian charity. He was on the downward road, and from moderate drinking passed on to confirmed and sottish drunkenness. After much bewildered cogitation with himself, he told the whole story. Still in good standing in his church at home, he had come to Boston, transacted some business, and then, for three weeks, had done nothing but drink. When his money was exhausted he had pawned his watch, and when the proceeds of that were gone he had sacrificed his clothing. Then a kind Providence had sent him to the Home, and kindness had wrung the truth out of him as to his past history. There was no need to intensify his self-reproaches by references to his downfall. "I have had," he said, "the reputation of being alive, but I have been dead for years." He was bitterly despondent, but had not given up all hope in a fair future. When he was strong again, he left the Home, and went back to his business, a cheerful and grateful man, firm in his resolution never to indulge in intoxicating drink, and, for the first time during his church-membership, a Christian, honestly and aboveboard.

Saved from Self-Murder.

It would have been a pretty hard thing to believe that a poor fellow, who strayed into the Home, six or eight weeks ago, under the influence of liquor, had ever had an inner life of domestic affection, that he had ever been a successful and seemingly happy man, who lived pleasantly in a handsome house just out of the city, with a wife and a troop of children, who would as soon have believed that the moon was about to fall as that father would be a miserable drunkard, trembling at the doorway of an institution like this, and asking shelter. Any way, there he was, what was left of him, — no man at all, but a wreck of flesh, and bone, and muscle, that might be adapted to some useful purpose; but it looked doubtful. The Superintendent sent the dismal figure up stairs to a bed, and he was cared for at once. There was nothing in the man's appearance to indicate that he had reached the conclusion that suicide was the safe way out of his miseries, or that he had made arrangements to that end. He had had, he said, misfortune after misfortune in

business, each one adding an additional clog to his unlucky feet. He was very sick for a few days, but after the first restlessness had worn off, it was believed that with a reasonable chance, he would gladly turn to better paths, and that he was in a frame of mind calculated to bring about penitence and reformation. While the inmates were assembling for the usual Thursday evening meeting, one of the attendants rushed down from the chambers with the alarm that the man was dying. The officers of the Home instantly made their way towards him, and found him lying quietly on his back, his arms folded across his breast, a letter in his hands and another by his side, and a pallor in his face that betokened the man had taken some powerful opiate. A hurried examination revealed all the symptoms of opium-poisoning, and while antidotes were sent for, an examination of the two letters showed that the poor fellow had deliberately purposed taking his own life. He had determined to kill himself, to get rid of the tortures of his own self-reproach. "I couldn't drag on," he said, "day after day, with nothing before me but the prospect of years of slow suffering." He had attempted to commit

self-murder with the calmest forethought and the most intelligent understanding of what he was doing. One of the letters found upon his bed was addressed to his wife, and had been written more than a week before his admission to the Home. The other letter was addressed to Mr. McKenzie. He had, therefore, made his preparations long beforehand, discussed on paper the *pros* and *cons* of the act, and made a clear and intelligible representation of what he considered the necessity of his relinquishing life. By a narrow chance, his serious resolve to destroy himself was defeated, and in a few days he was made to comprehend what, after all, are the necessary things of existence, and that there could be no escape from himself in adding the odious and cowardly crime of suicide to his other misfortunes, and wantonly relinquishing what chance he had to make his future life worth having. Two or three weeks put the poor man in his right senses. He had less reason to be sick of life than he thought, — a wife and children who were devoted to him, the ability to work, and, when he let liquor alone, the confidence of men who would give him employment. He was horrified at what

he had attempted, and, as he grew better, became interested in the meetings at the Home, rising for prayers, and at last becoming a thoroughly penitent and converted man. He is living happily with his family, has found steady employment since he ceased drinking, and appears to be an earnest, sincere Christian. He has realized what he never knew before — that his life was given him for a purpose, and that for what remains of it, his duty, under God's blessing, is to make the best use his understanding can direct — to devote it to his Master's service.

Out of the Lowest Depths.

From the nature of the case the experiences sketched here cannot have a wide variety of incident. They are essentially the same — the stories of men in sore need and distress, who have felt that they have no longer much to hope for, nor much to care for, little to contribute to the common stock, and not much to receive from the efforts of others. They are neither incurable nor incapable, but they have gone wrong until

nothing comes of them but a certain blocking up the way for others. There is something pathetic in the number of men who have come to the Home, and were once something, and are now nothing because they feel the public has ceased to believe in them. The reasons which once recommended them to confidence were good reasons, and they have, in many cases, as good or better capacities than ever. What they need most, next to temperance and Christian faith, is the stimulus of new circumstances and the protection of new influences. One of the men who came to the Home had been for years employed by one of the largest dry goods and importing firms in the country, at a very large salary, as a purchasing agent in Europe. Habits of intoxication cost him his position, and when he found employment elsewhere, it was the old story over again. Ability, capacity, business talent in abundance, — the fatal objection to him, he couldn't conquer his appetite. In his prosperous days he had married into a good family, but his conduct was such that his wife was forced to leave him. He was a pitiable object when brought to the Home. His story conveyed a sad sense of helplessness

and isolation, and his loathsome condition bespoke more than he could tell. What had befallen him, it was hard to guess, beyond the easy supposition of drunken disaster, for never upon a living man had any officer of the Home seen a face so filthy and discolored; and in the condition of the miserable man's body there was cause for enough self-loathing to make one wonder why he had brought the hideous burden his life had become, into the presence of any human being who was possessed of nostrils and a stomach. Physically he was the worst specimen that ever came through the doorway of our little city of refuge, and the sight of his clothing would make one count with a pang the disused garments in his closet. He had been sleeping on the Common on the warm summer nights, and in stairways and doorways when it rained, earning a few dollars occasionally, and going to the end of them in the liquor saloons. He had been for several months at home wherever he lay down, and owed the care he received at the Home to the kind Providence that sent an old friend in his way, who gave him the directions. What was done for him was the same that has been done for hundreds of other men. He

was stripped of his rags, washed from head to foot, reclothed, and kept out of the reach of liquor until he had in a measure conquered the appetite for it. Friends stood ready to assist him to a livelihood as soon as he was in a fit condition to set about earning it. He signed the pledge, for several months past has kept it faithfully, and, withal, convinced his wife that he is a reformed man, worthy of her respect and companionship.

He wanted a Place to die.

D—— had been for years an employee in a daily newspaper office in the city, but had lost his situation, and reached a point where none of his friends felt encouraged to relieve him. What little he had went for liquor, and what was given him followed in the same way. He dropped down, step by step, into bar-room vagrancy, getting, like every bar-room vagrant, an abundance of liquor, when he could get nothing else, and living off the efforts of others — doing nothing, and good for nothing. His brother, who was able to render him assistance, repudiated him, and, en-

feebled by long and continuous debauchery, he was at last attacked by delirium tremens. His own statement was, that he had come to the Home because he "wanted a place to die." He was given a bed and placed under medical treatment, and, though it seemed doubtful whether his system would rally, his condition gradually grew hopeful, and by slow degrees he began to gain strength. He was overcome at first, not only by the incidents of the moment, but by the terrible melancholy of his whole life. He recognized with gratitude the fact that the officers of the Home had come to rescue him from the evil of his days, when otherwise he was friendless, and avowed a determination, which he has religiously kept, to abstain entirely from intoxicating drink. As soon as he was able, the officers of the Home interceded with his former employers to re-instate him. Becoming satisfied that he had a new motive and a stronger purpose than ever to respect his pledge, they received him back, and have been so far satisfied with his course, that they have voluntarily given him an increase in his salary. His wife was only too glad to take him back to the warmth of her love and the comfort of her

kindness. He has said repeatedly, at the evening meetings at the Home, that — more than his life — his rescue from the horrors of intemperance, and his ability to regain a respectable position in the world, he owed, under God, entirely to this little institution, where no man has yet been turned away as an outcast.

Firm in the Temperance Cause.

In July last a young man, who had but recently been at the head of a leading shoe manufactory in New England, applied for relief at the Home. His story was the familiar one of successful business career at the start, of rapid promotion, lucrative salary, and encouraging prospects, that were bright with promise until they were blighted by drink. Losing situation after situation, he quickly went down the ladder by which he had risen; and then, when he had forfeited all confidence, he was turned adrift with nothing to commend him to employment, except his capacity to do well when he was sober. He remained two or three weeks at the Home, and, after taking the

pledge, and manifesting an earnest purpose to reform, went to M———, Canada, to take the foremanship of a factory. Writing from his new place of business to the Superintendent of the Home, he says, —

"I regret that my employers are men of no principle, and that in order to suit them, everything must conform to their Jesuit faith. In the section of the city where I am, nearly every house is a rum-shop. These things are not pleasant; but, thank God, I have so far had no desire to test the quality of liquor or enter the liquor-seller's den. Let me hear from you soon, and believe me yours, firm in the temperance cause as when I left you. God bless the Home, and those who work in and for it."

"Rum is all gone from me."

One evening a man came to the Home with his wife, and desired to sign the pledge. He had been a hard drinker, and was out of work. He had attended some of the Christian Association prayer meetings, and, under the persuasion of his wife, became an inmate of the Home. He became

interested in the prayer meetings at the Home, and soon avowed his determination to become a Christian. Work was procured for him in a short time in one of the suburban villages, and a month or more afterwards he wrote as follows: —

"I am serving Christ and Him crucified, and love to serve Him. Rum is all gone from me through Christ, who is my Saviour and my Redeemer. Bless the Lord!"

Caring for the Sick.

The case of Frank G—— is one of many that have come to notice at the Home, in which men who were in urgent need of medical treatment were without means to obtain it, and required some assistance to secure their admission to the public hospitals. In this and other cases, Dr. Cowles, the estimable gentleman in charge of the City Hospital, has rendered a kind service to the Temporary Home, in admitting to the Hospital men who could not be treated to the best advantage in our crowded dormitories — a kindness the officers of the Home have been happy to requite,

as far as might be, by caring for convalescents from the Hospital when the pressure upon that institution has made it necessary that patients who were not yet in condition to work should be discharged. In the case referred to, the sick man was sent with a note to Dr. Cowles, and received into the Hospital, where he was successfully treated. Writing to Mr. McKenzie from the Hospital, he said, —

"I beg leave to thank you for your charity towards me, by which I was admitted to the Hospital. I am doing well, and will always look upon you and the Home as a benefactor, and for your success always pray."

Restored to his Family.

A man who had a wife and children living in Philadelphia came to Boston to work at his trade as a roofer. He left his home on a spree, and having exhausted his money, was ashamed to go home until he had means. He indulged in a debauch of several weeks before he found work here, and came to the Home for shelter, until pay-day came.

Though he had work, he had not ceased drinking, and was intoxicated when he applied for admission to the Home. In the course of conversation, the Superintendent learned that the man had deserted his family; and, obtaining from him their address in Philadelphia, he took the trouble, while on a trip to that city, to search them out, and give them intelligence of the wanderer. Mr. McKenzie found that the man's story was corroborated by his family, and, returning to Boston, assisted him in getting to Philadelphia. A letter received shortly after his arrival contained many gratifying expressions of his appreciation of the kindness done him. He had abstained entirely from drink since leaving the Home, and said that with God's help he purposed forever afterwards to lead a sober life.

Charity for the Prisoner.

The House of Industry at Deer Island is the only institution the city of Boston provides for the care of a drunkard, or a man who may be found intoxicated in the streets, and is without money to pay the fine and costs imposed by the

police magistrates. The condition of men discharged from the island and returning to the city is often pitiable in the extreme. The fact that they have been imprisoned for thirty days or more in a penal institution usually obtains publicity in some way, through the newspaper press or otherwise, and the bad prestige of having been sent "down to the island" becomes a serious obstacle to their readily obtaining employment. Nine tenths of these discharged men are penniless when they are given their liberty; and experience has shown that in the larger proportion of these cases, these poor unfortunates become utterly despondent, settle down to the conviction that the avenues of business are henceforth closed against them, and, abandoning all hope of retrieving the past, they descend the ladder another round, and return to Deer Island for a term of imprisonment longer than they received at first. Almost inevitably, these men, unless they are cared for when they are set at liberty, go back to old associations, become confirmed in old habits, and having once been arraigned in a court of justice, and served one term of imprisonment, become indifferent to what they may receive afterwards.

They return to the city only to get drunk, and they get drunk again, knowing, and in some cases hoping, that they will be remanded to the island. No class of men who set foot in the city are more in need of, or more susceptible to, good influences than those who have been for a while under discipline at the House of Industry. No men so urgently require temporary relief and encouragement. Most of them have more than ordinary intelligence, and many of them are men of fine education, good talents, and, strange though it may seem, of genuine integrity and gentlemanly culture. Hardly a day passes but men who have been in high social and business standing, or those who have received collegiate and professional education, come to the Home, from Deer Island. The hopelessly vicious and depraved population that have come to be known as the "dangerous classes" furnish very few inmates for the Home; and with a single exception, the only offence ever alleged against the hundreds of men the Home has befriended, has been that of drunkenness. Cases could be cited almost indefinitely to illustrate the character of the men whom indulgence in liquor is bringing into the custody of the law.

The case of a southern planter who was discharged from Deer Island in July last, and came to the Home, asking shelter, is only one of a hundred or more. He had come to this city from New Orleans, and commenced drinking in the lack of anything better to do. He was a man of liberal education, a fine linguist, and by instinct and training a gentleman. What money he had was exhausted in a succession of sprees, and, falling into the custody of the police, he was sent to Deer Island in default of the few dollars needed to pay his fine. His situation was wretched enough when he was set at liberty. Unaccustomed to a northern climate, he was very weak, physically, and the climate had told on him worse because of his scanty and insufficient clothing. New clothing, nourishing food, and a few days' rest and quietude, put him in condition to move about and seek employment. His acquaintances were all in the South, and he was glad to accept any employment which would enable him to reach them. Through the assistance of the officers of the Home, he was fitted out with a travelling agency and a small stock of materials, and started on his way southward. He found no difficulty in working his way

slowly to New Orleans, and immediately on his arrival there, wrote to the Superintendent of the Home, returning the small advance that was made him when he obtained the agency, and saying that he was among friends, who would allow him to want for nothing, that he had been faithful to the pledge thus far, and that he should owe whatever success he might attain in future as a temperate man, to the efforts put forth in his behalf at the Temporary Home.

The Story of a Criminal.

The difficulties that beset a criminal in his endeavors to make a livelihood by honest means were quite forcibly illustrated in the case of a man from New York state, who applied at the Home for assistance. He had been employed at one time by a banking institution in his native state. He had a considerable amount of property, and was considered, in the community where he lived, a wealthy man. He was married to a brilliant woman, and maintained a fine house and a quite extensive establishment. His position in the bank

gave him access to the deposits of the institution, and at last, as he frankly confessed to the Superintendent, he embezzled the money of the bank to enable him to meet the claims which the extravagance of his family had imposed on him. His story as to the methods he adopted to conceal the defalcation, and the discovery that the money was missing, was given without any attempt to palliate his crime, and, as he went on to narrate what he had suffered in consequence of his misdeed, it was easy to believe that he had found the way of the transgressor hard indeed. He was placed under arrest, sent to the State Prison, and had served out his full term. His wife, in the mean while, obtained a divorce from him, and though he was yet a young man when he regained his freedom, he was friendless, and knew not which way to turn. Added to the fact that he had been a criminal, his lameness and physical infirmity offered an obstacle to his obtaining work. His record, he said, was a bar to his obtaining any position of trust, and his physical infirmity unfitted him for a position in which his antecedents would not have been inquired after. Rum made an easy conquest of him. He hoped

to drown sorrow by drink, and becoming a worse wreck than ever, gave up all hope of redeeming himself in any way. His truthfulness in relating his past history inspired the officers of the Home with faith that, if he were given a reasonable opportunity, the poor fellow would at least do the Home no discredit by unfaithfulness, and possibly he might be put in a way to earn his own livelihood. The cost of fitting him out with a small stock of knicknacks was very little, and the effort to save him from doing further wrong to himself or others seemed worth making. He started out from Boston into the country, and has been heard from at various times, the reports thus far being entirely satisfactory. He has kept from intoxicating drinks, has succeeded moderately well with his pedler's stock, and bids fair, if he remains faithful to his pledge, to accumulate money enough to make his later years comparatively pleasant and comfortable.

The Engineer's Story.

There are hundreds of people who would recall with a shudder their experiences or observations of one of the most frightful railroad accidents that it ever became the task of the New England newspapers to record and comment upon. The loss of life was almost without precedent, and it was clear that no cause could be assigned for the casualty except the gross and criminal carelessness of somebody in the employ of the railroad corporation. Who or what was to blame were questions which for several weeks were made subjects of newspaper discussion. It was strongly urged that the system of running trains on this particular road was seriously and radically at fault. It was maintained quite forcibly that collisions between in-coming and out-going trains were liable to occur at any time under the system in vogue, and that the vigilance of the locomotive engineers had for years offered the only safeguard this line of travel could give its passengers against fatal disaster. There was a coroner's jury, an inquest, and a verdict, in which the

corporation came in for a mild censure, and the main responsibility for the dreadful collision was attributed to the engineer of one of the colliding trains. He had been in the employ of the road for years, was a temperate man, and had never been reproached for any inattention to duty. He protested earnestly against the verdict censuring him, and stated that every train on the road had for a long time been run at a fearful hazard, because of the meagreness of the intelligence given those in charge of trains in regard to trains moving in the opposite direction. The engineer's protest, though it had considerable influence in determining popular opinion, was perhaps the means which made his connection with the disaster more conspicuous than it would otherwise have been. At all events he found that he had no prospect or hope of new employment as a railway engineer. For the first time in his life he took to intoxicating liquor, and, in a few months' time, rum did for him the work of years. He went the downward path at a break-neck pace, and, when brought to the Home, there seemed to be very little prospect of reforming him. His belief that his connection with the railroad disas-

ter had proved fatal to all chance of obtaining employment was gradually overcome, and as soon as he was made to feel some encouragement to reform, the task of persuading him to do better was comparatively easy. He signed the pledge, and after remaining a few days at the Home, readily obtained a position in charge of a stationary engine in a hotel. He has been strictly temperate, and has the assurance of permanent employment at a very good salary.

The only Rock for the Drunkard.

The "Captain," as the men learned to call him at the Home, was an old sailor, who had had some strange mishaps, afloat and ashore, but had saved some property, and had a treasure in a good home and a good wife. He had knocked about the world for forty years as a seaman, a soldier, and a speculator. He was active in Kansas during the Kansas-Missouri troubles, and for a considerable part of his life devoted himself to the study of astronomy and the natural sciences. After retiring from the merchant service, he pur-

chased a beautiful residence near Boston. His appetite for liquor grew upon him as temptations multiplied, and, to the distress of his wife, he began absenting himself from his home, and wandering about from saloon to saloon, often remaining away for several days at a time. While he was on one of these sprees a friend brought him to the Home, but no persuasion could induce him to remain. He was in no mood to be reasoned with, and the Superintendent of the Home reluctantly allowed him to depart. Much to the surprise of all who had seen him, he presented himself at the doors of the Home, a few days later, and asked to be received back. He had been thinking, he said, that it was the best place for him. He was admitted and placed under medical treatment. At first he was very weak, and a bronchial affection, with which he was troubled, threatened serious results. His physical ailments, which he attributed to dissipation, yielded under good treatment, and he evinced considerable concern as to his habits of intoxication, and the means of breaking from them. He signed the pledge, but he had not much faith in it as a restraint upon his appetite. He had signed it before, and

it had not sufficed. With these doubts in his mind, he became interested in the prayer meetings at the Home, and then all was made clear. The strength he had in vain sought to find in himself he obtained from an all-forgiving Father. His letter, written to Mr. McKenzie after leaving the Home, is one of the most interesting among the hundreds of similar communications received from ex-inmates of the institution. Writing from his home, he says, —

"May God bless you and Mr. Charpiot for what you have done for me and others. I am a witness to the Christian spirit you have manifested in your efforts to save the inebriate, and lead him to Christ as his only hope. You are right, for this is the only rock on which the drunkard is sure to stand steady, firm, and resolute, and from this rock he cannot fall, for He will uphold him, according to His love, declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus, and to His word — 'Let my supplication come before thee; deliver me according to thy word.' Christ has said He will deliver all who put their trust in Him.

"I truly believe, my dear friend, in your design to erect a suitable building for a Home. If it is conducted on the present plan, — not only saving

men from drink, but, through Christ, using the same efforts that I have witnessed, leading men to salvation, temporal and spiritual, — the way will surely be opened to you, that you may accomplish your purpose in the construction of a larger Home. Such an institution will be not only a benefit to the inebriate, but will be a saving to the state of fifty thousand dollars a year. The inebriate is not a criminal. If you want to make him one, send him to a prison, where he must mix with the most vicious and depraved men in the country. When the inebriate comes from such an institution, who will employ him? Does he come out a better man? No! In nine cases out of ten his imprisonment has settled his doom; he is a lost man. God alone can save him. The time will come when sending a man to the House of Correction for drunkenness will be looked upon with as much horror as the practice of hanging for witchcraft. That God may bless and prosper you and Mr. Charpiot, in your Christian work of saving men, is my sincere prayer."

Are all of them saved?

Frequently the question is asked, "Do all the men who come to the Home relinquish rum-drinking? Are there none who go back to their old habits?" And this question shows how little it is understood, from the uninformed stand-point of people who have always led lives of strict sobriety, that the problem of a drunkard's case is often as purely physical as a case of small-pox. Indeed, it is a difficult thing to prevent temperate and Christian people from indulging in reproaches towards a man who has broken through his resolutions of reform, or to bring them to realize that he is suffering from a disease of the very machinery of volition, and that he is no more to be judged harshly for his acts than is an insane person. There are very few people who regard the fact that the mental pain experienced by a person who has freed himself from the habit of intoxication is attended with keen physical suffering. The physical power of liquor a man never realizes until he attempts its abandonment. Indulgence fastens itself upon him as a

daily habit. When a man has used intoxicating liquors for a long time, the condition of brain and stomach supervening on his deprivation of the poison is such as very frequently to render him suicidal. Men thus dominated by habit have come to the Home, have remained a few days, and gone out with the idea that they had strength of purpose, and enough of physical control to continue temperate. Some of them have fallen, and of these a large proportion have been in no sense more responsible for breaking their resolution than they would have been had they vowed to hold their fingers in the gas-blaze until they were burned off. In many cases, the abandonment of liquor brings on an agony which takes the inebriate's actions almost entirely out of the sphere of voluntary control. The grasp with which liquor holds a man, after he has used it for a long time, the ascendency possessed by it over the unfortunate who has been habituated to it even for a few years, is as the clutch of a demon. A man who, after habitual use of liquor for ten years, became an inmate of the Home, with the purpose of escaping his thraldom, said, "It's like clawing yourself over red-hot coals on your hands and

knees." And this statement does not exaggerate the feelings of many an unfortunate who is seeking to cure the agony liquor has caused him. Let us suppose the inebriate a resolute man, who means to be free, and with that intent has abandoned a daily indulgence which for several years has amounted to three or four glasses a day. He begins to feel some uneasiness in the first few hours after his deprivation. In twelve or fifteen hours, his cravings for liquor become almost unendurable. No parallel agony to that of the inebriate at this stage can be adduced, unless it be that of the opium-eater, or the drowned person resuscitated by artificial means. He has used liquor so long that every part of his system has reconstructed itself to meet the abnormal conditions, and must go through a second process of reconstruction. Liquor has been at work for years, making terrible structural changes in his system. Can it be expected that this ruinous work, that has gone on for years, can be successfully undone in a day, or that abstinence for a week or a fortnight under the best of influences will uniformly result in a thorough reformation? This is too much to expect; and what

wonder that men who have once learned the seductions of drink, and undertake to break away after years of indulgence, are not always able to do it at the first attempt? They have a headache or a toothache; the weather depresses them; they have a certain "stint" of labor to do, without the native vigor to accomplish it; their anxieties keep them sleepless, or irregularities disturb their digestion. Whatever may have been the responsibility of these men in beginning the use of stimulants, long habit has reduced the will almost to the automatic plane. Now, such a man, if he fails in a first attempt to reform, is a proper subject, not for the Police Court or the House of Correction, but for medical treatment and Christian influences. The terrible demands, especially in this country, made on modern brains by our feverish competitive life, constitute hourly temptations to some form of stimulant. State legislation has undertaken to lessen the temptations that beset the path of men who purpose reform, but the liquor dealers enjoy a strange immunity from punishment, and practically the laws of the state afford no assistance worth speaking of to the man who is struggling to escape the thraldom of

drink. There are very few people, perhaps, who can patiently regard the fact that a pure and brave soul may become so demoralized by the perseverance of appetite as to break over the most solemn pledges when nature clamors for liquor. The fact of failure at first has not been considered in such cases as a barrier to readmission to the Home; and the encouragement to further effort in behalf of these men has been found in the fact that none of them abandon the hope of securing liberty from liquor, and the further fact that the policy of not turning these unfortunates empty away has been justified by the results of giving them a second opportunity.

The fact, however, has been demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt by the experiences had at the Home, that no real dependence can be placed on the pledges and promises of any individual who does not look to Divine Grace to help him to keep the resolutions he has formed. Men who seemed thoroughly sincere in their desire to reform have left the Home feeling very confident of their ability to conquer their old enemy; but although they succeeded well for a while, they have eventually broken their most solemn pledges,

and fallen again and again. It is the old story of the willingness of the spirit and the weakness of the flesh, and only when that weakness is realized, and help is sought from the One who is "mighty to save," is there any well-grounded hope of lasting reform.

The truth cannot be stated too emphatically. The only safety for men who have once yielded to their appetite for drink, is in a change of heart, involving a complete change of life. When the man tries to reform, drops his old associates, and forsakes his former companions, surrounding himself with such moral and religious influences as will elevate his nature and restore to him his lost manhood, he is taking the only right and safe course for him to take. Let him then look to God to bless and help all those influences, and he will soon find that God is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, who never leaves nor forsakes those who put their trust in Him.

Such are the lessons which the officers of the Home endeavor to teach to those under their charge, impressing upon them the fact that all their help must come from God. Hence the fre-

quent prayer meetings, and the daily expounding of God's word at family prayers, with the single aim in view to lead to Jesus all who apply for shelter and relief at the Home, that they may find under its roof not only help and rest for their bodies, but especially for their souls.

The institution was founded as Jesus' Home — just the place He would be sure to visit if He were on earth; and it is the earnest desire of its founders and officers that it may prove truly a Bethesda — a house of mercy, to all who come under its influence.

Starting without a dollar pledged save for rent and furniture, the running expenses have been wonderfully provided for, so that on or near the first day of every month every bill has been paid. Of course such a result has not been obtained without adequate exertions, and the Superintendent of the Home has been instant in season and out of season, by personal efforts and in public addresses, raising the needed funds to help those committed to his care; but the main dependence has been on earnest, persevering prayer. The great inquiry has been, "Lord, what wouldst thou have us to do? Send us the men thou wouldst

have us help;" and with a firm belief that the means would be provided, the officers and managers of the Home have gone forward, humbly, but trustingly; and, to the praise and glory of God's holy name be it said, their expectations have never been disappointed.

It would be very easy to multiply the remarkable answers to prayer which have encouraged the hearts of the friends of the Home. Often, when the last dollar had been expended, money has been received from the most unexpected sources; and never has any one really in need been turned empty away. More than once, when applied to for pecuniary aid by some sick young man who needed the means to reach his home, or by some poor woman about to be turned into the street, with her children, because the rent was not paid, the Superintendent has emptied his pocket-book, which before long was wonderfully replenished.

"In some way or other, the Lord will provide;
It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
And yet in His own way the Lord will provide."

The same has been true in the matter of clothing. Sometimes has the last shirt, the last coat,

or the last pair of boots been given out, and for the next applicants the officers of the Home have been obliged to provide from their own personal stores; but usually there has been enough and to spare.

Any one, not acquainted with the work done at the Home, can form but little idea of the extent of the demand for clothing which Mr. McKenzie and his assistants have to supply. Men apply for shelter who have been sleeping in police station-houses, and so filthy are most of these places — the only temporary accommodations our city furnishes for the shelterless — that they are covered with vermin, and need a thorough cleansing, and a complete change of clothing, before they can be taken into the Home. They are not, however, refused admission on that account, but a good bath is furnished them, together with a decent outfit, and as soon as possible situations are procured for them.

Besides these, there are many applications for clothing from men who have been for many weeks or months out of employment, until they are entirely destitute; and having gradually pawned everything they could possibly get along without, when

they succeed at last in finding employment again, they need clothes suitable for their work. Thus, in one way and another, however abundant the supply of clothing may be at the Home, the demand keeps up with it, and not unfrequently it is a little ahead.

As a result of their various experiences with the men who come under their care, the managers of the Appleton Temporary Home have become satisfied that one of the best safeguards which can be thrown around the men who are endeavoring to conquer their appetite for strong drink, is to enlist them in the work of helping others; hence, within the last few months, they have established the Appleton Temperance Society — an open temperance organization, the officers of which are former inmates of the Home. Any one can become a member by merely signing the pledge of the Appleton Home; and weekly meetings are held every Monday evening, in Eliot Chapel, a very convenient hall, 122 Eliot Street. Excellent music is furnished by a choir composed of young ladies and gentlemen, who freely give their services, and good speakers are provided for evening meetings. Rev. Mr. Parsons, of the

Union Congregational Church, in this city, Rev. Mr. Scott, of the Church Street M. E. Church, Rev. Dr. Young, of Woburn, Rev. Mr. Lamson, of Worcester, Rev. Dr. Marvin, of Wellesley, and others, have already delivered excellent addresses, and every clergyman applied to has cheerfully given his sympathy and tendered his services. The meetings are always opened with prayer, and after the regular addresses, the time is filled up with short speeches, interspersed with singing and music. The addresses, thus far, have been wonderfully appropriate, holding up before the men Christ as the only one able to help them, and deliver them from the bondage of appetite. The pledge is kept open on a table on the platform, and signing it is always in order, at any stage of the meeting.

Thus has the Appleton Home been enabled to extend its influence, by making those who have been benefited by it workers in the temperance cause, and earnest helpers in lifting up their fellow-men out of the filth and degradation from which they have themselves been rescued by the grace of God.

Once a month, the regular order of exercises is

changed, and instead of the usual meeting, a sociable is held, when, together with good music and pleasant addresses, an opportunity is given for all present to become acquainted with each other. The seats are so arranged as to secure an open space in the centre of the hall, and half an hour is agreeably spent in shaking hands and exchanging a few pleasant words. The object of these sociables is to introduce the men who are trying to reform to those who will help them, and throw the right kind of influences around them ; and they have been wonderfully successful, the hall being filled on every occasion, and all present seeming to enjoy themselves.

As the Appleton Temporary Home extends its operations, the calls upon it from the unemployed are becoming more numerous every day ; and besides furnishing situations to those who have found temporary shelter under its roof, employment has been obtained, through its agency, for many who have never been its inmates. Men with families apply every day, who are helped in securing work, whereby they can support those dependent upon them ; and often money has been advanced to them with which to redeem the tools

they had been compelled to pawn to provide for their little ones. There are many such cases in our city, and the Superintendent of the Home has always cheerfully helped all those who applied to him, feeling that God was sending them, and that He would furnish the means.

A Glance at the Work done.

Since the day of its opening, April 9, 1873, to the date of the present writing, January 1, 1874, the running expenses of the Home — leaving out two thousand four hundred dollars for rent and furniture, which were paid, as has been already stated, by a number of churches and individuals — have been four thousand seven hundred and eighty-two dollars and sixty-two cents; and the following figures show how the money has been used: —

4,263 lodgings have been furnished to 1,436 different men, about three nights to each man, on an average.

11,087 meals have been given out, viz., 3,724 breakfasts, 3,516 dinners, and 3,847 suppers.

721 situations have been procured, besides those obtained through the Boston Young Men's Christian Association Employment Bureau.

$373.40 have been spent to send men to their homes, or to the situations secured for them.

A number of free passes have also been obtained — three of these being passages to England — on steamboats and railroads, whose managers and superintendents have been very liberal and kind, thus helping the good work.

438 men have been clothed, besides which many coats, pants, hats, caps, boots, shoes, underclothes, &c., have been given to those in need.

The Necessity of larger Accommodations.

From the above figures it will be seen that the Home has been kept filled to its utmost capacity all of the time, and more than once the Superintendent, rather than to turn away some needy ones, has paid for their lodgings in some hotel or boarding-house. With the approach of the present winter, however, the applications for shelter and food became so frequent and so pressing, that the

necessity of a removal to a larger house was anxiously and prayerfully considered. Still nothing definite was done about it, until the early part of December, when, providentially, and in direct answer to prayer that, if it was His will the Home should enlarge its borders, God would show him the way, Mr. McKenzie heard that the house known as the Alger Mansion, 48 Fourth Street, South Boston, was to be let, and could be obtained at a rent of one thousand dollars — two hundred dollars less than was paid for the house 559 Washington Street.

A visit to the place showed that it was just the thing, the house standing by itself, three stories in height, and with twenty rooms, besides kitchens, bath-rooms, basement, &c. It is also very easy of access, being within only half a block of the Dorchester line of horse railroad, and just across the Dover Street bridge from Harrison Avenue and Washington Street.

Mr. McKenzie engaged the house at once, and trusting to the Lord for guidance, he commenced making arrangements for the removal of the Home to its new quarters. In less than two weeks the one thousand dollars needed to furnish the new

Home were secured, and by the first of January everything was in running order.

The New Home.

Those who have visited the Home in its late location, 559 Washington Street, can appreciate with what feelings of earnest gratitude to God Mr. McKenzie and his estimable wife, the worthy matron of the Home, took possession of their new quarters. Everything was so crowded in the house on Washington Street, that Mrs. McKenzie had no room which she could really call her own, but was obliged, with her husband and children, to occupy as a sleeping apartment what was used, during the daytime, as the office and reception-room — a thing which few ladies in her circumstances would have been willing to do, but with which she cheerfully put up, that she might help her husband in his noble work.

In the new Home the arrangement of the various rooms is excellent, giving the Superintendent and his family their apartments all on one floor,

and rendering the arduous duties of the matron much easier to perform.

In the basement, and with an entrance in the rear of the house, are a large kitchen, and a dining-room, where the hungry are fed. On entering the house from Fourth Street is a spacious hall, on the right side of which is the family dining-room, while on the left, connected with folding doors, are the reading-room and the Superintendent's office. At the end of the hall is the entrance to the kitchen and bath-rooms, both exceedingly convenient, and provided with all the modern appliances. On the next story, at the left, and above the reading-room and office, are the apartments occupied by the Superintendent and his family, while on the right is the guests' chamber, where friends from a distance who visit the Home are made welcome. Over the kitchen and bath-room is a large dormitory, with twelve beds for night lodgers, while the next story is divided into nine rooms of various sizes, with accommodations for between thirty and forty men. The house is comfortably furnished throughout, and the iron cot-beds, with their white spreads and their snowy pillows, present a very neat appearance. May

our blessed Master, who has given success to our efforts thus far, and granted us the means to enlarge our work, bless the new Home, and make it, with its better accommodations, more successful as a spiritual as well as a temporal refuge for the outcast, the fallen, the destitute!

Our Little Minnie.

Our account of the Home and its work would not be complete without a few words about the bright little one whose winning ways and cheerful prattle have so endeared her to all the inmates. Little Minnie is the Home's adopted child. Last fall Mrs. McKenzie found her, on a visit to the Children's Temporary Home on Pine Street, and becoming interested in her, she learned, upon inquiry, that her father was dead, and that her mother, a member of Park Street Church, by whose charity she was supported, had long been a sufferer from a lingering disease, and was expected to live only a short time longer. On returning home she told Mr. McKenzie about the little one, according to all probabilities so soon to become

an orphan, and both their hearts warmed towards her; and after prayerful consultation of the matter, they concluded to adopt her. The very next day little Minnie was brought to the Home, where her naturally cheerful and affectionate disposition soon made her welcome; and so happy is the little one with her adopted parents, that no one would suspect she is not their own child. She is only three years old, but uncommonly bright for her age; and many a sad heart has she cheered as she moves in her childish way about the house.

A Waif from Deer Island.

Those who have visited the Home within the last few months must have noticed, among the attendants, a bright lad, who usually waits on the door, and takes care of the rooms. Peter is the lad's name, and he has quite a history, which should find a place here, as showing how in this instance God has blessed the instrumentality used at the Home, saving him as a brand plucked from the burning.

Mention has already been made of the fact that

a number of the men received at the Home have come from Deer Island, where they had been confined on account of their inability to pay the fine imposed upon them by the Municipal Court for drunkenness. In order to benefit those unfortunates, as much as possible, Mr. McKenzie has been in the habit of visiting Deer Island at least once a month, and he often has obtained the pardon of such men as he thought would be likely to reform. During his visits last summer, and while Mr. Guy C. Underwood was superintendent of the institution on the island, he noticed a boy some eighteen years of age, who was kept very busy about the yard and office; and upon inquiry, he learned that, although naturally bright and willing to work, most of the lad's latter life had been spent on the island, where he had been sent, at first when only twelve years of age, for drunkenness. He was born in Philadelphia, and losing his parents when an infant, he had been sent by the Philadelphia authorities to his grandmother in Boston, and on her death had been left friendless and alone in the world. After knocking about the city for some time, he had been taken up at last and sent to the island as a vagrant. As

soon as discharged, however, having no place to go, and no friends to point him to the path of virtue, he at once went back among his old associates, and in a very few days found himself arrested again and sent back to the island. And so six of the best years of his life had been spent. On learning all this, Mr. McKenzie made arrangements with Mr. Underwood, and a few days after, provided with a note of introduction from the superintendent of the institution on Deer Island, the lad presented himself at the door of the Home. He was admitted, and finding him, as Mr. Underwood had stated, both active and willing to work, Mr. McKenzie gave him occupation about the house, and with the blessing of God, and thanks to the religious influences by which he now finds himself surrounded, a great change has gradually taken place in the boy; and in the bright gentlemanly lad who so cheerfully does his work, few would recognize the surly, ill-looking boy whose Deer Island education seemed to fit him only for a criminal's career or a felon's cell. Peter is now a changed boy; and what is best, he is trying to lead a Christian life. May God bless

him in his endeavors, and give him His grace even as he needs.

Peter's case, remarkable as it is, is not the only one in which the Home has been the means of saving lads, orphaned, and destitute, from the life of degradation and wretchedness to which they seemed doomed by the circumstances by which they were surrounded.

The Superintendent always welcomes such cases, and hopes, with the present larger accommodations of the Home, to do more for the homeless and friendless lads who are growing up to fill our prisons and almshouses because no one seems to care for them, and surround them with the Christian influences which alone can save them.

The Attendants about the Home. — Our Cook.

One of the remarkable features of the inside arrangements of the Home is the fact that all of the attendants about the house are reformed men, who can better sympathize with those who come under their care, because they know them-

selves, from bitter experience, what drink does for its victims. Among those, no one is more ready to help, or more efficient and tender in watching with the sick, than Frank, as he is familiarly called, who acts as a sort of general steward and cook at the Home. Although only a middle-aged man, he was at one time at the head of a large mercantile house in a western city; but the so-called moderate indulgence in fashionable wines created an appetite for stronger drinks, and step by step he went down lower and lower still, until he lost his business, ruined his prospects, and became a homeless wanderer, shipping as a common sailor to escape his enemy if possible. But every effort was vain until he was brought to the Home at the end of a terrible spree, his nervous system shattered, a mere wreck of himself. With good medical treatment and proper care, however, he recovered, and when thoroughly well, was employed in the Home, where he has showed himself both efficient and faithful. Of course his situation, as steward and cook of the Appleton Temporary Home, is very different from the position he once occupied; but he is satisfied with it both on account of the good

he is enabled to do to others, and the benefit he derives for himself. Frank has become almost one of the fixtures of the Home, and, by his cheerfulness and readiness to help others, has endeared himself to the officers, and to the inmates as well.

The Record of One Day.

It would be difficult for those who have plenty of time on their hands to understand how rapidly the hours fly, and how short the days are for Mr. McKenzie and his Assistants at the Home. Although they are all kept very busy, however, it is upon the Superintendent that the chief burden of care and anxiety rests. The record of one day will serve to give the reader an idea of the amount of labor performed, and will be interesting, as showing what can be done when the heart is earnestly engaged, and direction and strength are sought from Him who is both wonderful in counsel and mighty in working.

In the morning the entire household is aroused at half past five o'clock in the summer, and at half past six in the winter. At seven, during the

latter season, the inmates have their breakfast. Family prayers follow at half past seven o'clock. At eight the Superintendent and his family sit down to their own breakfast. Then commences the daily routine. There are half a dozen or a dozen men waiting in the reading-room, whose cases must be first attended to. One man, who staid over night, and got his breakfast, wants to make sure of his lodgings for to-night, before he goes out to look for work. Another wants a pair of pants, another a pair of boots, and others different articles of clothing. A poor sick man wants to go to the City Hospital, and he is waiting for a note of introduction to Dr. Cowles. This man wants the Superintendent to procure him a pass on some railroad or steamboat, as the case may be, that he may get home, where his friends will care for him, while that other, who is in search of employment, asks to be sent somewhere where he may work for his board, if he can find nothing else. In the mean time the door bell has been kept ringing almost continually. A mother has come in to talk to Mr. McKenzie about her son, who is given to drink; a wife is on the same errand regarding her husband. Some friends have

brought in a drunken man they have picked up in the street, where he was about to be arrested by a police officer. He must be attended to at once, of course; and soon he has taken his dose of medicine, and finds himself nicely tucked in bed.

At last there is a lull; the cases seem to have been all disposed of, and the Superintendent looks at his list to see what comes next. Perhaps it is some business to be transacted at the City Hall, or at the Municipal Court, where some poor fellow who was arrested last night for drunkenness is to be got out on probation and brought to the Home. That attended to, some gentleman on State, or Commercial, or Court Street has to be seen on business connected with the Home. He is both wealthy and liberal, and probably the Superintendent is trying to get him interested in the work done by the Home. Next the plumber, or the gas-fitter, has to be seen; and so the forenoon is gone before one quarter of the things put down on the memorandum-list for to-day has been attended to. The dinner hour for the inmates is at noon, and that for the family at one o'clock. The meal is hastily snatched, then the race against

time recommences. Some one has to be seen who lives way up on Columbus Avenue, or Boylston Street; then down town again to keep an engagement at three o'clock. Some clergyman must be called upon about securing a chance to speak for the Home next Sunday; and when he reaches home at half past five for his tea, the reading-room is filled with people waiting to see the Superintendent about themselves or those in whom they feel interested. In the evening, if there is no meeting to be attended, there are always plenty of calls to be made on people who cannot be found at home at any other time; and so, when Mr. McKenzie reaches his own home at last, he is thoroughly tired out; but somehow or other, the items on his memorandum-list are all checked off as having been attended to, and a vast amount of work has been accomplished. Such is a fair average record of one day's labor at the Home, to which must be added all that is done by the Assistant, the Matron, and the attendants, for all are kept equally busy.

How the Work is done.

It should be remembered, however, that whatever is done at the Home is done for the Lord. His direction is sought in everything, and his aid humbly asked. Hence it is that so much is accomplished; not that the officers of the Home are abler or more active than any one else, but because upon every step which is taken the Divine blessing has first been asked. Whoever has not tried it little knows how easy it is to do much for Jesus, if we only go to work in the right way and as under his eye. The trouble is, too often, but little is done, simply because only little is undertaken, on account of a sort of false modesty, which is a real lack of faith. He who believes much does much, and only as our faith increases can our usefulness be enlarged. We need to pray more, to live in closer communion with our Saviour, receiving continual supplies of grace and strength from Him. In the language of the beautiful hymn, so familiar to those in the habit of attending the prayer meetings at the Home, —

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O, what peace we often forfeit
And what needless pains we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!"

The Superintendent of the Home.

The task of the writer of this little volume would be incomplete without a few words about Mr. McKenzie, the Superintendent of the Home, to whom, under the blessing of God, the establishment and success of the institution are largely due.

D. Banks McKenzie, as his name indicates, is of Scotch origin. His father followed the sea as the captain of various merchant vessels, and removed his family to this country, where some of his children were born, and all of them educated, the eldest of his sons, William S., graduating at Harvard University, and entering the Baptist ministry. He now, after a successful pastorate over several important churches, occupies the position

of District Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Society. During the early years of his life, the subject of this sketch went to sea with his father, settling down, as he reached manhood, as clerk and salesman in a dry goods store. After a few years, having married at quite an early age, he went into business for himself, and was at one time quite successful, although the habit of drinking, which he had contracted at first among his fashionable associates, kept growing upon him, and doubtless interfered with his business prospects.

At the breaking out of the rebellion, he entered the United States navy, where he served with distinction as an officer, resigning at the close of the war, more than ever a victim to intemperance. The following extract from his first report, made last May, to the Board of Directors of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association Temperance Society, with which the Home was then connected, will show how he was rescued, and providentially led to undertake the work in which he is now engaged.

"As the establishment of the Temporary Home

is closely connected with my own deliverance from the thraldom of sin and appetite, I may be permitted to allude briefly, in this report, to the wonderful ways in which God has dealt with me, making me a subject of divine grace.

"It is only one short year since I was, as all my friends thought, and as I thought myself, hopelessly addicted to the use of intoxicating drink. I had made many attempts at reform, but they had all proved worse than useless. I always fell again, and my case seemed a desparate one. Still the Holy Spirit was striving with me, and my conscience often reproached me for my careless course. One Sabbath, last autumn, feeling unusually oppressed with the wretchedness of my bondage, I left Brighton, where I was then living, and my steps were directed towards the village of Allston. There the open vestry of the Baptist Church attracted my attention, and I went in.

"The sexton was just lighting up the room, preparatory to the Sunday evening prayer meeting. I went out again, and at the appointed time I returned. The meeting went on, and during its progress my distress became so great, that I felt compelled to rise and ask the prayers of the people. My appeal met with a warm and hearty response, and there I was enabled to abandon every other hope and give myself away to Christ. Words cannot describe the change

which God, by his grace, then operated in me. I was completely delivered from the slavery of appetite, and, to my unbounded joy, I found myself master of the foe intemperance, which for so many years had brought shame to myself and to my family; and from that hour to the present I have realized more and more what a precious Saviour Jesus is, who keeps me and saves me, every day, from myself and from the temptations by which I am surrounded.

"My eyes were also opened to the fearful pit from which I have been digged; and as I commenced visiting the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, and attending the daily prayer meetings there, my sympathies became strongly enlisted in behalf of those around me who were yet struggling in the abyss from which the grace of God had rescued me, and I felt constrained to do something to befriend them.

"I accordingly began laboring with them, with such means as I had; but I had hardly commenced my work when it pleased the Lord to lay me aside by severe illness.

"There had been some talk previously about the establishment of a Temporary Home for Inebriates, in connection with the Temperance Society, organized under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association; but on account of various changes in the board of officers of that

organization, and especially as all the energies of the members of the Association seemed to be directed towards the necessary arrangements for the Bazaar, which was then in process of preparation, the idea was given up, for the time being at least.

"In the mean time it pleased God to bless the means which were used for my recovery, and towards the latter part of February I found myself able to be about once more. I resumed at once my work among the unfortunate victims of appetite, giving up my business that my whole time might be devoted to them. I found plenty of men lying about the streets, utterly destitute of money or friends, who yet seemed ready to reform if an opportunity was given them; and the blessing of God seemed to rest upon my efforts in their behalf. I had no means of my own, but day by day money came in from unexpected sources, sufficient for the expenses I was incurring; and an idea of the results arrived at may be formed from the report I presented at the public meetings connected with the formal opening of the Home, April 9.

"'From the seven weeks, from February 21 to April 9, I have received from various sources $254.27, which I have used with the following results: total number of men helped, 271; men sent to situations, 41; families reunited, 11.'

"While thus engaged, the necessity of a Tempo-

rary Home became more and more evident to me, and another change having taken place in the Board of Directors of the Temperance Society, by which I was placed at the head of the Executive Committee, the subject was brought up again, and after earnest and prayerful consideration of the matter, I proposed to them that if they would become responsible for the rent of a building suitable for the Home, I would take charge of it, and, trusting the Lord for the means, become responsible for the running expenses.

"I was then authorized to look about for a building, and soon found that the house 559 Washington Street could be obtained for a rent of twelve hundred dollars per year. I reported the fact, when four or five men, with large hearts and purses, assumed the responsibility of the rent, and the expense of furnishing the house was undertaken by a number of churches.

"Thus was the movement which led to the opening of our Temporary Home successfully inaugurated, and the Lord himself has provided the means thus far. . . . Little idea can be formed, however, of the difficulties and discouragements which met us at first at every step. Prudence seemed to advise that we should wait until a sufficient guarantee fund — some said of ten thousand dollars — should be secured; an attempt which seemed utterly hopeless, especially when all the

energies of the Association were directed towards making the Bazaar a success.

" . . . In conclusion, I can only praise God for his kindness, and for the wonderful tokens of his favor which he has bestowed upon the Home thus far. He has not only provided the means to carry on the work, but He has sent us just the men He would have us help, and we have had some remarkable cases of conversions and reformation."

We have thus quoted at length from Mr. McKenzie's report, because, as he states himself, the establishment of the Home is closely connected with his own reformation and conversion, and we preferred to have the story told in his own words, even at the risk of repeating what has already been stated in some of the previous pages of this book.

Conclusion.

We have now reached the end of the task we set to ourselves when we commenced the preparation of this little volume. We have tried to make it a true and simple record of what God

has been pleased to do through the instrumentality of the Appleton Temporary Home. Our object was to encourage God's dear people to trust Him more fully, and to try to do whatever work He sets before them with an entire reliance upon Him, and a child-like trust in His promises. May we not indulge the hope that some of those who read these lines will be led to inquire, in the spirit of true consecration, "Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?"

One of the reasons, we think, why Christians accomplish so little, is because they are unwilling to trust God as they should. They see plenty of work to be done. Jesus' friends, the poor, are always with them. There are everywhere broken hearts to be bound up, outcasts to be gathered in, wanderers to be brought back into the fold, souls to be saved, and Christ's followers are not indifferent to all these calls for help; but as they realize their urgency and their magnitude, they think of their own weaknesses, their few gifts, the difficult circumstances in the midst of which they find themselves placed, and their faith wavers, they grow discouraged, and usually give up before they have undertaken anything.

Is it not too true that we look for excuses for our inactivity, and reasons why we should not undertake more than we do, rather than to the true incentives we have to be willing to spend and be spent for Him who has done so much for us?

Our blessed Master never requires from us what we cannot do; and with every duty which He places before us He gives us also the strength we need to perform it. "As thy day is, so thy strength shall be." Surely the promise is plain enough, and all we need is to appropriate it by faith, and go right on in the strength of it, assured that our Saviour's grace is sufficient for us, and His strength made perfect in our infirmities. We need to look away from ourselves to Jesus more and more, and to remember that all we try to do is to be done for Him. Then

> "nothing is too small,
> Nothing too great, to give when He gave all;
> And simple service done as in His sight
> Grows every day in length, and breadth, and height."

There lies on the centre-table at the Temporary Home a little volume of poems, entitled "Cheering Words," published by A. D. F. Randolph, of New York, which is a great favorite with Mr.

McKenzie, on account of the blessed truths it illustrates; and we may be permitted here to copy a few stanzas from a little piece entitled "By the Gate," and modestly signed A. E. C., suggested by the passage, —

"That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Heb. vi. 12.

"So much to do, and so little time,
So much to learn, and so long to wait,
I say to myself, Arouse thee, and climb!
And then I sit down by the pleasant gate.

"By the gate I watch while others pass through;
I sit and dream I am following fast;
I keep my hands folded, with nothing to do,
And fancy my labor is something to last.

"I know I shall start up some time in grief,
Send self-aiming arrows, not pointless or few;
Then think that the time that remains is too brief
For the wonderful work I had purposed to do.

"But the dew of the evening may fall while I wait,
And the on-coming night be too dark for my feet!
So the sun of the morrow, that dawns o'er the gate,
Will find me ashamed in yesterday's seat.

"But its glorified rays on the mountain above
Will circle the brows of a travel-worn band,
Like a halo traced there with a gesture of love,
When the Master in blessing had stretched out His hand."

In the words of the sainted Montgomery, —

"We cannot toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

"Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, 'Harvest Home!'"

With the publication of this little volume, the writer of these pages closes his direct connection with the Appleton Temporary Home. It has been his privilege to assist Mr. McKenzie in his great work from the very day of the opening of the Home, and he will ever look back with sincere gratitude to the months he has thus spent in trying to lift up the fallen, and help them to lead a better life. During that time he has been a member of the Superintendent's family, and he has learned to love him and his devoted wife with a true brother's love. Very pleasant indeed has been their intercourse. Often, when

circumstances seemed unfavorable and the prospects for the future doubtful, they have kneeled together in the little office, which was also Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie's room, and they have told Jesus all about it, ever finding Him ready to help them in the hour of their need. He has had also the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with every case he has mentioned here, and it is with no little reluctance, and only after anxious and prayerful inquiry as to God's will, that he leaves the dear Home, where he has been so happy, to labor in another part of the Master's vineyard, where he feels he has been called. He still intends, however, to keep up his connection with the institution, and if the dear Lord is pleased to bless this little volume, and through it to quicken His people to greater activity, and to enlarge their sympathies towards the outcast and the destitute, he will feel that he has not written in vain, and that his earnest prayer for Divine guidance in this labor of love has been heard and answered. May God bless the Appleton Temporary Home, and make it, with its increased accommodations, more and more useful in feeding the hungry, sheltering the homeless, and helping the victims of appetite

to break the chains that are binding them; but above all, may it be in the future, as it has been in the past, the birthplace of many a soul, led, through its instrumentality, from darkness to light, and from the slavery of sin to the glorious liberty of the children of God!

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE following figures, which have been carefully compiled from the records kept at the Appleton Temporary Home, will prove interesting as showing what kind of men have been the inmates of the institution since the day of its opening, April 9, 1873, to the present time, January 1, 1874.

During that time fourteen hundred and thirty-six men have been sheltered at No. 559 Washington Street, Boston, who give their birthplaces as follows: —

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston,	97
Worcester,	33
Springfield,	28
Lowell,	26
Lawrence,	25

Lynn,	23
Fall River,	22
Newburyport,	18
Taunton,	17
Salem,	16
Fitchburg,	14
Haverhill,	14
Somerville,	12
New Bedford,	12
Chelsea,	12
Westfield,	7
Brighton,	7
Cambridge,	6
Charlestown,	5
Natick,	5
Marlboro',	5
Woburn,	5
Bridgewater,	3
Arlington,	3
Plymouth,	3
Newton,	2
Quincy,	2
Dedham,	2
Weymouth,	2
Nantucket,	1

Sandwich,	1
Kingston,	1
Marblehead,	1
Randolph,	1
Falmouth,	1
Orange,	1
Westport,	1
East Stoughton,	1
Walpole,	1
Webster,	1
Provincetown,	1
Wilbraham,	1
Medford,	1
Warren,	1
Hingham,	1
East Douglas,	1
Sherburne Falls,	1
Saugus,	1
Ware,	1
Woodville,	1
Harvard,	1
West Newbury,	1
Cape Ann,	1
Beverly,	1
Sharon,	1

North Bridgewater,	1
Martha's Vineyard,	1
Stoughton,	1
Watertown,	1
Concord,	1
Westboro',	1
Yarmouth,	1
Nantasket,	1
Andover,	1
Total,	461

OTHER STATES.

Maine,	63
New York,	59
Rhode Island,	33
New Hampshire,	30
Vermont,	26
Pennsylvania,	25
New Jersey,	24
Connecticut,	22
Maryland,	18
Ohio,	12
Illinois,	9

District of Columbia,	7
Louisiana,	5
Tennessee,	3
Virginia,	2
Florida,	1
Missouri,	1
Delaware,	1
Alabama,	1
California,	1
Total,	343

FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

England,	235
Ireland,	106
Scotland,	69
Canada,	52
Nova Scotia,	38
New Brunswick,	32
Germany,	29
Wales,	27
Newfoundland,	16
Sweden,	9
Belgium,	3

France,	1
Demarara, W. I.,	1
Cape Town, Africa,	1
Total,	619

RECAPITULATION.

Massachusetts,	461
Other States,	343
Foreign Countries,	619
Birthplace unknown,	13
Total,	1436

So far as could be ascertained, the men sheltered at the Home have followed the following occupations: —

Laborers,	203
Printers,	79
Shoemakers,	73
Clerks,	67
Salesmen,	62
Sailors,	58
Waiters,	45

Carpenters,	41
Machinists,	37
Tailors,	35
Bookkeepers,	32
Painters,	29
Weavers,	26
Builders,	23
Teamsters,	22
Spinners,	20
Hatters,	18
Barbers,	17
Druggists,	16
Curriers,	14
Cabinet Makers,	13
Stone Cutters,	11
Pressmen,	9
Pedlers,	9
Bakers,	7
Hack Drivers,	6
Masons,	6
Paper Hangers,	5
Butchers,	5
Burnishers,	5
Gardeners,	5
Upholsterers,	4

Bricklayers,	4
Teachers,	4
Grooms,	4
Cooks,	4
Plasterers,	4
Piano Makers,	4
Bookbinders,	4
Dyers,	4
Watch Makers,	3
Plumbers,	3
Silver Platers,	3
Engravers,	3
Tinsmiths,	3
Watchmen,	3
Pattern Makers,	3
Brush Makers,	3
Photographers,	3
Dentists,	2
Lawyers,	2
Journalists,	2
Bar Keepers,	2
Telegraph Operators,	2
Shipmasters,	2
Saddlers,	2
Gilders,	2

Express Drivers,	2
Lithographers,	2
Farmers,	2
Physician,	1
Stencil Cutter,	1
Clergyman,	1
Artist,	1
Pilot,	1
Sail Maker,	1
Without trades,	346
Total,	1436

NOTES.

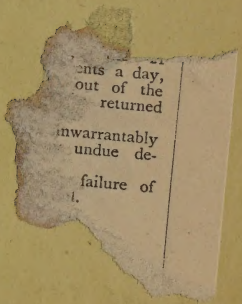
The ages of the men sheltered at the Home have ranged from the boy of fifteen to the old man of seventy. Much the larger proportion, however, has been young men, between the ages of twenty and thirty-five.

Although the officers of the Home know no distinction of nationality or race, only seventeen

colored men have applied for shelter — a fact which speaks well for their sobriety and industry.

Of the fourteen hundred and thirty-six men who, since its opening, have found temporary accommodations at the Home, ten hundred and twenty-six — *more than two thirds of the whole number* — had been reduced in their circumstances through indulgence in strong drink, most of them being intoxicated when admitted. We have already stated what is the main dependence at the Appleton Temporary Home for the reformation of that class of men. No accurate figures of results can yet be given, of course, although it may safely be said that quite a large proportion of those who have signed the pledge at the Home are keeping it; they being, in every instance, those who look to God for strength, and pray daily for His help and guidance.

"HITHERTO THE LORD HATH HELPED US!"


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